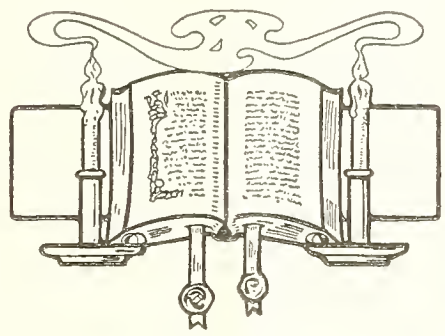
The
Literary Supplement
of
Wellesley College News



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Wellesley College News
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

VOL III, NO. 3 **MAY, 1926**

MARCH SONG

The *Supplement* takes pleasure in announcing that the following was one of three prize poems in the recent May Day Poetry Contest held under the auspices of the Second Church of Boston. The judges were Abbie Farwell Brown, Chauncey Tinker, and Bliss Perry.

Bitterness makes better songs
Than the songs of jest
Sunshine seen through gray rain
Glances best.

Gaiety's a wonton
Smiling in the sun
Bright hair faded
When the day's done.

But sorrow's a companion
Faithful for a life
Playing minor cello tunes
Or a shrill fife.

The songs she sings are sad songs
Willow garlanded
I was born with sorrow's
Songs in my head.

Leaf bottomed creek
With a gay tenor sound
I only heard a low note
Running underground.

Frieze of molded bodies
With the rhythm of the sea,
I only saw a line running
To eternity.

My swift shooting-star moment
Let me laugh to no avail
Inevitably follows
A slower comet's tail.

And when I would dance
In a gay crimson shawl
Plodding, dun homespun
Covers me all.

Songs-in-the-head, songs-in-the-head
Why should they be sad songs
With green paths to tread
Crocus garlanded?

Judith Claire Stern, 1927.

THE THINGS YOU SAY

Your love is like a hammered tray
Bearing gay silks—the things you say.
But if the silks were shown without
The tray, hung separately about,
They would look dull, a muslin lie.
I fear they would not catch my eye.

Helen Kaufman, 1927.

BARRIER

Barbara hurriedly opened her closet door and stared at the row of bedraggled garments there, rubbing so intimately against Peter's shiny shouldered top coat and his "best suit." All the morning as she had dusted her tiny apartment and made preparations for luncheon she had been waiting for her dress from the cleaner. The flowers for the table—dreadful luxury—Peter's shirts, the groceries, the new lampshade, even a terse telegram from Father, postponing his arrival a few hours, all had come in to interrupt her busy routine. But the smart little grey frock, that had seemed so wicked an extravagance last fall, was not here and she had nothing to put on for Father's visit. There was the bronze crepe, but had worn that last winter before she was married. Better the red dress that she had made for herself. It was decidedly not a success, but it was at least new. Perhaps Father would not notice. But Father always noticed what the women of his family wore.

As she struggled with the collar that never had fit, an ominous hissing noise hinted that all was not well in the kitchenette. She ran to turn down the gas, poked at the potatoes with a long fork and went into the living room. The table was set for two in the sunny bay window. They had no dining room; two rooms and a tiny excuse for a kitchen were all that she and Peter could manage, even in this drab section of the city, and still have anything left for an occasional ticket to the symphony or a Sunday in the country. It had been a nuisance to set the table in the living room three times a day, when her papers and typewriter and Peter's smoking things were spread around. They had become very untidy, for Peter said that the thing they had most of was floor. But today all was in order, and daffodils shone among the ten cent tumblers and the plated silver.

Father's telegram gleamed yellow and sinister against the polished top of the low bookcase. Barbara glanced at it again.

"Missed connections. Will arrive before lunch. Do not meet me."

Just ten words. Father always contrived just ten words in a telegram, adding love if there was one left over.

This was his first visit. Barbara was glad that he had not come in the fall, just after she and Peter were married so suddenly and so very much against his will. They had some furniture, now, and could be tranquil when money was mentioned. The schemings of those first months, after Barbara had dared herself to seize the happiness that was at hand all the standards and notions that regardless of Father's judgment, of had been law to her, had been exciting, and she did not mind doing without things. Her own tiny earnings helped, now. They grey dress, the big arm chair, Peter's spring overcoat, all had been possible because her manuscripts were beginning to find a market. In the ten years after college she had continually written at things, between Kathleen's coming out and Martin's appendicitis. Her dreams of a novel, of her name before the public, had gone down before family cares and an empty social round. She went to party after party, seeing all the men of her acquaintance drift away, meeting no one new, slowly resigning herself to spinsterhood.

And then Peter came, impetuous and eager, her own age and yet years younger and wiser. They met at somebody's house; he was a stranger making a brief visit to a college friend. Father had frowned politely upon him when he came to call, and asked her privately if she thought the son of an Irish janitor was the sort of young man that she cared to receive. Which, with Father, definitely forbade her to see him. And for the first time in her life, Barbara had defied Father and promptly gone out with Peter, listening, very much to her own surprise, to his persuasions. For Peter, too, wanted to write, and he had a job, a very small job, on a city newspaper a few miles away. "The Middlebury Courier," he had told her, laughing and yet very proud. He was absurdly business-like, for there was no time making love, "until after we are married." Barbara smiled to herself. Middlebury, which was a horrid grubby little city, and a very few dollars a month, had seemed important considerations, beside Peter. She was seeing him with Father's eyes; more than that, she was measuring all life by Father's sense of values. She had been able to consider very coldly the advantages of a future with Peter as compared with her home. Suddenly he had become very important, blotting out all material calculations, and she had defied Father again, one October afternoon, and gone away quietly with Peter.

Then had followed absurd attempts at housekeeping in the tiny refuge

that they had found, when they fried eggs and made toast after disposing of the wreck of a more ambitious meal, and Barbara, employing her leisure, kept opening envelopes that should have contained rejection slips, but more often held checks. She, who had kept an engagement book three weeks ahead, learned to seize her hat when Peter poked his head in at the door to say "come." They were busy every moment, and Father's disapproval was so remote as to be forgotten in their devotion to each other.

The great clock on the church tower two blocks away struck twelve, breaking in upon Barbara's reflections, and she hurried into her miniature kitchen. Things were boiling merrily on the gas hot-plate, and a peep into the icebox assured her that the rich chocolate confection so minutely described in the last *Good Housekeeping* was going to be a success. The steam in the little room made her straight brown hair straggle about her face, and as she glanced nervously at her watch, hoping for a moment for repairs, the bell shrilled in her ears.

Barbara doffed her big gingham apron, turned down the gas, powdered her nose and adjusted the kitchen blind all at once, reflecting in her haste that a year ago such speed would never have occurred to her. There was a faintly scornful smile on her face as she opened the door.

Father was looking around the dark smelly little hall-way outside with the same crooked smile. He started as she appeared.

"Well, Father. How are you? Do come in." Barbara held out both hands, and he stepped into the tiny hall, scarcely less dark than the passage outside. As she turned a dutiful cheek for his cool kiss and relieved him of coat and hat and stick, she was acutely conscious of the silence. Was he trying to embarrass her or—incredible and wicked thought—was Father at a loss for the right word?

"Won't you come in—this way," she led him toward the living room, choking down the bright chatter about their close quarters that had come to her rescue on former occasions. All her little jokes about their way of living seemed pitifully crude before Father's keen grey eyes.

He seated himself in the precious arm chair and surveyed the room.

"You are quite comfortable here?" It was a question.

Barbara forced a smile with lips that were suddenly very stiff.

"Yes, Father. It suits us very nicely, for the present."

"But this is not permanent?"

"Oh, no. By next spring we hope to find a house somewhere."

He glanced at her sharply.

"You will be in Middlebury still?" he went on after a moment.

Once Barbara had accompanied the cook, who was retained as a witness to an automobile accident, and hers had been the same mental anguish that poor Agnes had suffered in trying to answer each meaningless question sensibly while she was puzzling over the significance of the one before it. Barbara had a swift mental picture of herself on a high witness stand before her Father. His eyes were fairly piercing her, and she tried to recall his question.

"Yes—I mean—we—excuse me just a minute." She turned and literally fled into the kitchen, closing the door after her. The things on the stove were bubbling peacefully, and she leaned her hot cheek against the window, staring out at the expanse of roofs and chimneys that Peter called "their view," struggling for composure. She had not meant to leave Father like that. He would think her behavior very strange. Alone, he might examine the worn volumes in the bookcase and discover that part of their shabbiness was due to other hands before Peter's; he might observe the place in the draperies that was pieced or picked up; the very effective brocade cushion that was really only pinned together. Father hated sham; he thought that nothing at all was better than a makeshift, forgetting, Barbara reflected, that he who was once poor had not then scorned imitations of what he now held valuable.

She glanced around the kitchenette. At least she was safe here; there was not room for another person. Washing the dishes was a great adventure, and the occasional guests, new friends of hers and of Peter's, made great fun of the "culinary apartments," but Father liked lots of space. As she piled the things for lunch on a tea tray the shaky feeling gradually departed, and she was able to walk back into the living room with more than her usual poise.

"My cooking instinct has developed rapidly, Father," she told him as she put hot dishes on the table. "I 'sensed' that the potatoes were in danger, when I left you so suddenly, and so they were. Do you want to sit down here?"

He was standing helplessly beside her, looking at the poor array of chipped crockery on the cheap little cloth. They sat down at opposite sides of the little table, and Barbara remembered too late that she had forgotten to pin the collar of the little red dress that never looked right anyway. She talked emptily about nothing, as she had so many times to a staid chaperon or to somebody's husband at a dance while Kathleen and Martin drifted by, too busy with many partners to even notice her. All her social training, that was so unnecessary with Peter's unconventional friends, came to her rescue now; almost forgetting Father, she was vivacious.

Finally he interrupted.

"Can't your Mother send you some china and things, daughter? I'm sure we have some to spare."

Barbara refused politely, then, afraid that his feelings were hurt, tried to make him talk by careful questions. They finished their meal very much more at ease and sat lazily at the table enjoying family gossip.

And still not a word about Peter, not a question about him. Did Father think his absence perfectly natural? Perhaps she was still unforgiven, and Peter not to be received into the family, in spite of Father's visit.

"Little Kathleen may leave us soon," he was saying. .

"Is she going to be married?" Barbara almost added "too," and then thought that the cases were hardly parallel.

"No, oh no. But she wants to go to Columbia to study for a winter—journalism, I think. I don't know why she is so restless. But young Lloyd has been hanging around a lot, lately, and I don't want her to get tied up with him."

"What's the matter with young Lloyd?" Barbara asked sharply.

"His mother's sister is rather common—married the gardener, or something like that. And they've had losses,—yes, Kathleen wouldn't have all that she is used to."

Barbara looked keenly at her Father. He was gazing out of the window with a detached air. Was he blind to the strange likeness between her affairs and Kathleen's? Or was he chosing this way to tell her that he had learned his lesson from her? One daughter married badly—a janitor's son was no better than a gardener, really, despite a college education. The second daughter was restless, and would better be indulged lest she marry badly, too. Because a poor marriage made all one's family less desirable socially. And if Jack Lloyd, who lived across the street and was invited to everybody's parties, was not eligible, of course Peter was not going to be accepted. She had hoped to be invited to come home; she had not realized how very much she missed Mother and Kathleen and Martin until Father had begun to talk about them. The long silence; the box of her clothes and possessions, nothing else, that had come in answer to her first tremulous note; the pointed ignoring of her second, more tranquil and quite freindly letter, had indicated their attitude. But Father's visit had brought hope. Underneath all the fuss about the looks of things and Father's impression of her marriage had lived a faint wish, unknown even to Peter, that they might now be accepted.

"Excuse me, Father." She rose quietly, interrupting him, and began to pile the dishes back on the tray. "I believe I'll just take these things out, and then we can be much more tidy and comfortable." Rejecting his feeble offer of help, she escaped into the kitchenette for the second time that day.

As she came back to fold the lunch cloth and push the table into place, Father was looking at his watch.

"Daughter, I'm afraid I'll have to go. I must be back at Thompson's office at four, and I'd like to catch the five-twenty home." He did not look at her.

"Oh, Father, must you go? It's been —I've been so glad to see you, after—"

She followed him into the hall. So his visit had not been for her alone; it was incidental to a business trip. He had not come to bring any message from Mother, or to make peace with her on his own account; out of cnriosity he had stopped on his way to more important affairs. Her little regret that Peter had not been home, that she had been taking courage to voice, died unsaid, and she handed Father his hat and stick without a word, avoiding his eyes.

"I'm glad to find you looking so well, daughter," he said, turning toward her. "Goodbye, and let us know if you want anything." He held out his hand and was gone.

Barbara watched the door close between them, then turned and went into the living room. Its precious shabbiness seemed bare and cold now. She bit her lip and made faces to keep the tears back, hoping desperately that Peter would come soon. She could not see Father pause at the foot of the stairs to blow his nose vigorously before emerging into the sunlight.

Virginia Pendleton, 1927.

AKIN

I saw a figure standing there
Just where one turns the path to climb
the hill—
A shadow black beside a pine
So still.
I hurried on, and yet hung back,
I felt commanded by a shadow will
To stand there too, and feel the night
So still.

Same '28.

FRAGMENT

I love to be alone,
Alone out by the sea.
For in the wind and waves,
I hear God speak to me.

They're building down the street
A church of stone and bricks,
Where men can worship God
From ten o'clock to six.

J. D. '27.

TO ONE WISE

And you were very kind
As I remember now.
One wise is hard to find,
And you were very kind.
The heart yields to the mind
In time—I forget how,
And you were very kind
As I remember now.

Louise M. Wilson, '27.

"PIN-FEATHERS"

Motif

Hazel swung a thin leg over the arm of a chair and stared at her own high arch approvingly. Then she said:

"Mary, come on out on a date with George and me Saturday night. George's got a cute little blonde friend of his maybe you'd like."

"No thanks. Sworn off men for a while, Hazel." Mary arranged shining plaits of dark hair around a white face.

"Well, I'll be damned. For Heaven's sake, Mary, don't get a suppressed sex complex, or whatever they are. You'll have dreams like D. H. Lawrence. Why are you off men?" Hazel languidly munched a chocolate in the comforting assurance that her perfect figure would always remain so.

"Don't like to be pawed." Mary was abrupt.

"You'll get used to it. Wait till you've had the experience I've had."

"That's just what I don't want."

"What?"

"The experience you've had."

"Well, I will be damned. Hazel was nonplussed. She thought nothing was more enviable than her own so-called technique.

"I suppose you still thing 'a prince comes riding,'" she laughed.

"Maybe." Mary looked out of the window at a glittering landscape. Hazel wound up the victrola and put on a record. Both girls began to do the intricate steps of the "Charleston."

"I just learned a new one," Mary said and straightway executed an indefinite sliding step. The record ended with a wail.

"Good stuff," said Hazel, "gotta go. Sure you won't come Saturday night?"

"Oh, might as well, I suppose. Nothing doing around here. So long." Mary looked into her mirror.

"Sometimes I feel so lonely," she said.

Development

Mary opened her eyes and looked through the open window at the fiery dawn. The sky was getting redder and redder. She thought it would burst in a minute. The hands of the vigilant little clock on her bed-table pointed to six-thirty. Mary gazed at the voluptuous curves of the green silk 'comfy' spread over her bed. It had been aan extravagance which the family willingly permitted. She rehearsed in her mind the movements which would be necessary to close the window, but with lazy indulgence closed her eyes again for a coda to the night's rest. In a short time she was dreaming. She had one of those childhood dreams which recurred even now that she was in college. In it she seemed to be standing in a huge hall, the floor of which was indented by bottomless holes. They were perfectly round in shape, as if made by a compass; and only small wedges of wood remained between them. The task for Mary was to find another place to stand, in order finally to get out of the hall. But every time she started to put her foot down, another hole appeared. This dream was always harrowing and she was relieved to awaken.

Later, while Mary, dressed and coiffed in the inimitable precision of a college ensemble, was writing a letter, Hazel entered the room. Hazel always looked dignified in the morning.

"Today, being Sunday, I shall die," she said.

"Good morning," said Mary, ceasing to write. "I had an awfully nice time last night. Thank you."

"How did you like Nate?" Hazel darted to the point with real interest.

"Very nice boy. Clean-looking. Don't you think?" Mary warmed to her subject. "I'm afraid I didn't make much impression on him though.

"Don't be an ass. That's the conventional remark addressed to the provider of a good blind date." Hazel was really pleased. "You know as well as I do," she said, "he's crazy about you."

"Oh! I'm so glad you think so." Mary returned to her letter. Hazel considered the interview closed and her point well made, so she sauntered out of the room, for all the world like a Greek boy, with her sunny close-cropped head and her easy graceful stride.

Mary and Hazel were Juniors in college. Both came from big cities, though different ones, had received invaluable training in scholarship in the preparatory schools they had attended, and had entered college with the customary vision of freedom and erudition. Mary had found her vision to be the reality. The freedom swept her hilariously along, yet she felt as if she were drowning in it. The opportunities for learning were endless and fascinating, but she had failed to count on herself. She was snrprised to find herself missing the irksome intimacy of her parents, sisters, and brothers. She became helpless, at times, through trying to assimilate the varieties of experiences, personalities, and ideas with which she came into contact.

Hazel, on the other hand, was cooler. A certain feline wisdom told her to guard her talent for music. It would then be the precious permanent thing which she saw she would need. "This freedom" did not engulf Hazel, but rather fitted her like a glove. She was naturally independent in thought and action.

The two had been drawn together by their mutual interests, upbringing and proximity, since they lived in the same house. Their temperaments were so utterly different as to save their companionship from monotony. Moreover, they were in no way limited to each other, but had innumerable outside friends.

Four or five nights after this Sunday morning, the two girls were going to an inter-collegiate dance, escorted by the estimable youths, George and Nate. A few well-placed hair pins, a dab of powder here and there, and a wriggling into a slimsy gown constituted the necessary preparation for these young ladies when they attended a dance. Hazel emerged in a ruffled chiffon dance-frock, the color of crushed cherries. Mary's gown was of cool satin, butter-colored and severe.

They drove to the dance through the warm night air of early autumn. Mary had a habit of thinking to herself in childish sentences. "Now I'm turning a corner, and now two horrible lights are shining in my eyes." Hazel sniffed the night air with all the avidity of a Pekingese. They stopped before the busy entrance of a large hotel.

"Does it ever seem funny to you that gold brocade and cement meet so often?" she asked Nate in a tone of confiding amiability.

"Never thought of it," Nate replied, matter-of-factly.

No, of course not. Mary remembered that men never did.

Hazel was trotting smartly to the doors. Her hand was tucked under the substantial arm of George.

"Ought to be a great party," she smiled. "Jack Spier's orchestra. Hope they cheer up a bit more than they did at the Beta dance."

As they entered the lobby, it already buzzed with hap-hazard conversation. "Hi Hank," "'Lo, George," with intermittent slappings on the back were the usual preliminaries to an exchange of opinions on the weather, the party, and the prevalence of alcohol.

A few moments later they were all in a huge, seething hall. The orchestra, by sheer persistence, drowned out the din of talk, and the shuffle of dancers' feet. Having gained the upper hand, the players then indulged in a syncopated revery, reversed to a double-time pandemonium, and were applauded lustily by the ungloved hands of "the cream of the nation." All personalities were melted into the mass of Personality. The increasing stag line advanced from its lateral position, like a body of troops, and was forced back by the dancers. There were probably ten drunken men in the assembly, tinging the whole affair with a repulsive sordidness.

Mary and Nate advanced a few paces. An indefinite young man, whom Mary was introduced to by someone she did not know, whirled her into a thicker crowd. "I just knew you were the only girl in—"

He was cut off by a tall dark man whom Mary vaguely remembered as an inevitable attendant at all dances during her college life.

"As soon as I saw a yellow dress I knew it was you," he said. "You know yellow's my favorite color."

"I had no idea of it," Mary thought, but she said, "Of course, I knew it. That's why I wore it. It's mine too."

"You don't know how happy—"

"Excuse me, please." The voice came from out the deep chest of a colossal figure topped by a pink, puerile face.

"Why, Jack," Mary recognized a playmate of her younger brother. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm in college now." Jack abandoned the sanguine hope that Mary would forget his age. He adopted a policy of aggression. "You're an awfully cute little girl."

Mary laughed in a most uncomplimentary way. Nate strode up and discomfited the youth further by seizing his willing partner.

"Is this going to keep up all evening?" he pleaded.

"Probably. It usually does." Mary panted, relieved to have the music stop and to wander to an unsought chair.

"Men look like punctuation marks when they dance," she said. That tall one over there looks just like an exclamation point; Carl Tanner bends so much he looks like a question mark; and as for that infinitesimal Johnny Sinclair, he looks just like a period."

"You're the funniest girl I've ever heard," Nate laughed. "You think of the darnedest things."

"No, I don't. What do you think of?"

"Oh, nothing. Have you seen Hazel?"

"Now and then."

The music began again and with a swish the dancers' feet raced over the floor. Mary half closed her eyes and saw through the fringe of her eyelashes the contrast of myriad frocks against smooth black Tuxedos.

She was cut in on by an olive-skinned man, with a Valentino haircut, of whom she vaguely suspected a Brooklyn background. The evening wore on endlessly, Mary began to think. Something had snapped inside of her. She was getting mentally nauseated. She looked at the loose weak mouth of the latest dancing partner. At last "Good Night, Ladies" was pounded out vigorously by the now slightly tipsy orchestra.

She was in the car and whizzing through the black. Nate was bending his taffy-colored head close to the upturned face of a smiling girl.

"Llsten, darling, your eyes," he said, "they're just like stars. Did anyone ever tell you that before?"

Mary's arched eyebrows drew together in annoyance.

"Um hum. Don't muss up my hair, Nate," she pleaded.

"How can I help it. It feels so good." Nate was running his hand over the loose waves of dark hair. "Don't you love me just the least little bit, Mary? Oh, please!"

"Having met you one week ago, No. You don't love me either." Mary was quite positive about this. It all seemed pretty reminiscent to her.

"Oh yes, I do. That is, I would if you'd let me." Nate turned his earnest grey eyes directly to hers. Mary sought to change his mood.

"George is an awfully good driver," she said. Nate thought, "To hell with George," and decided to pursue another course.

"Look at the moon, honey. It's just setting, and all the stars are winking at us. Stars are awful naughty, Mary."

"Is that why you said my eyes were like stars?" Mary pretended to be indignant.

"How did you remember?" Nate asked. "I meant they shine like stars." One resolute arm slipped around Mary's shoulders. Nate murmured. "Can't I have just one wee little—"

"No."

"Atta girl."

Hazel, in the front seat, was humming a little tune. She leaned her head back and puffed a cigarette contentedly.

"I'm blowing rings to the stars," she said.

Recapitulation

Mary had not seen Nate again. Yet the incident remained in her consciousness as the last of a series. She was perceptibly bored by the months that followed, but she refused to admit on what shelf lay the flavoring for the pudding called life. She added interest upon interest to her daily life and was only tired out by them

Nancy, a former school chum, called on her one day to say that she, Nancy, was engaged. She was a fine, keen girl. Straight brown hair, high forehead, clear eyes. "Athletic," Mary had sometimes sniffily classed her. Yet the two felt a certain intellectual sympathy, for both were given to lofty flights of imagination, together with certain unforgivable silly streaks.

"What's the matter with you,

Mary?" Nancy asked, when she had imparted her message.

"I think I was born out of my generation," Mary replied, "I can't seem to make the grade."

Nancy had talked to Hazel a few days before, so she was not so terribly miraculous when she read the other's thoughts.

"Now, look here, child," she began, "I know you'll have to work out your own salvation, but don't think that you've established all the values in the world already. There's a lot of vulgarity in life, of course, but it's all froth. Nobody believes in it. But, my dear, some things outlive a generation, or hundreds of generations. It's just like a long river which goes through many lands. In one place it flows though green fields, then come a lot of craggy hills, then a factory town, and so on. Yet it's all the same river. That's the way with things like home, and love, and children, and all good things. Don't you see? Everybody recognizes those things. They form a natural law, efficient and operative."

Mary wondered a bit confusedly how Nancy could be so glib. She felt, however, an inescapable truth in her words. There was certainly no reason for thinking herself unique or isolated in her idealism. Nancy, she knew, shared it with her, yet she was engaged. Perhaps men were different individually than they were as a whole, or vice versa.

"Probably, I'm having growing pains, Nancy," she smiled.

A. Justine Smith '27.

TO A PORTRAIT

Ancestor Lucy, there above my bed,
In sombre, homely dress of frigid gray
And bonnet primly covering your head,
Did you, when you were little run and play?

Or in your girlhood crave a bit of red,
A rich, bright gown, and lovely lacy things,
Or wish to let those curls, so strictly bred,
Escape and dance quite free in wind that sings?

My clothes are many hued. My hair is gay,
Does as it wills. Indulgence is no sin—
And yet my soul tight girdled walks in gray
As close confined as yours had ever been.

Perhaps because they held and dulled you so
My inner self in drab must always go.

"A GARDEN IS A LOVESOME SPOT"

It is almost the first of May: the wind brings through my open window the pleasant earthy smell of newly-plowed fields. Every day the sun's rays fall more nearly vertical at noon as the season approaches the summer solstice. As usual, at this time of year, I begin my annual dream of possessing a garden, not one of the type admired by guests, and presided over by a gardener to whose mysterious rites the spot is sacred, but a sunny quiet place in which to live.

Once, a long time ago, I cherished half-a-dozen transplanted columbines in a green window box; but the venture was unsuccessful, and the poor little posies drooped their heads and died gracefully, like the early-Victorian maidens whom unhappy love sent into a "decline." Clearly, I can have no garden while I live ten minutes from City Hall. There is, of course, the front yard, but our plump little janitor would suffer untold agonies at any disturbance of the three blades of grass which spring up in our two front lawns, and which he mows off assiduously once a week, until they lose heart and turn the same neutral brown hue as the earth. Nevertheless, I am going to have a garden.

Since it is now definitely decided that I am going to have a garden, I must choose a place for it to be. The sky behind the hills is as blue as a summer sea—which makes me wonder if the seashore would be a good location. What could be pleasanter than to look over one's wall at the water breaking on the rocks or sands below, a foamy edge of "perilous seas in faerie-lands forlorn"? Yes, the idea has its merits.

On further thought, however, I am persuaded that my garden would be more happily situated on the green and sunny slopes of my imagination, sufficiently near the coast to be within sound of the long breakers that thunder against the shore, and sufficiently far enough away from them to be out of range of the chilly white "sea-turns" when the wind is east: I think that I shall have my home inland, among the hills, bordering the highway.

Wherever it may be, my garden must have a high wall, hung with smooth, glossy, ivy-leaves. I wish to hear the wayfarers outside but I do not wish them to look in at me. And behind my wall—what shall I have? I was reading in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, the other day, that charming description of Andrew Marvell's pictured earthly Paradise:

"What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hand themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared in flowers, I fall on grass.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new!
Where, from above, a milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run."

Truly, a pleasant spot! Still, it is a little too informal; I should prefer walking between clipped hedges to "stumbling on melons."

At Warwick Castle there is a garden which is the acme of formality. It is a wide and beautiful expanse of trees and flower-beds, and close-clipped English grass. There are fountains, and stone balustrades, too, and stately peacocks on the terraces. Behind it, the castle itself looms high. It is a place well-suited to a duchess, but not suited for me.

It appears, then, that I shall have to make a design of my own which shall include a pool, lawns, trees, and flowers, and a stone bench where I may sit and watch the shadows grow long in the late afternoon.

You will enter my garden by a wicket-gate in the high hedge which cuts it off from view of the house. The gravel-path will lead you between thick-growing shrubbery until it lands you on a carpet of velvety turf. At the far side is a long pool, paved with rusty-coloured stones and bordered by fragile lemon-hued irises. Poised on the brink stands a little nymph, a slender child of bronze gazing at her own lovely reflection in the bright mirror. She stands on tiptoe with her arms outstretched, the very soul of the garden.

On your way to the pool you will see banks of flowers on every side, backed by low-growing trees. Further back, in the lea of the tulip-trees is the rose-garden. There the blossoms are crimson, golden, pink, or tawny, like a scattered sunset-cloud. Some of them try to escape over the wall, like truant children. Here I shall spend much of my time—to quote Andrew Marvell again—

"Annihilating all that's made,
To a green thought in a green shade."

And, just as I have finished wasting time so agreeably, the door-bell rings; I must go down four flights of stairs—we live on the top-floor—to get the afternoon mail. The janitor looks up at me suspiciously. Can he guess that I might cherish designs against his three blades of grass?

The only letter advertises seeds and shrubs. I tear it into little bits and scatter it on the front-walk. The janitor will sweep it up; I must do algebra.

Sylvia Santom, '29.

MOMENT

Bergen Gary relaxed his lean, tired body in his Morris chair, and looked lazily over the top of his evening paper at the extraordinary figure of his Cousin Sara. She was sitting quietly in a stiff, old-fashioned armchair, and staring contentedly through thick glasses

at the flickering fire on the hearth. Her body padded with many undergarments was bent under the grey flannel dress which reached the black boots. Bergen could see a roll of thick black stocking over the boot top, calling attention to the stubby small feet, which once must have been pretty. Cousin Sara's greying hair was pulled back from her rather full face in two little rolls above her ears, a fashion she had learned in Germany the last time that she studied and painted there. Bergen thought that if only one question of his would be answered, he would ask what thoughts lived behind the soft, plump face with its strained protruding, brown eyes and long, slender mouth, which occasionally smiled over strong, white teeth. What made her more mysterious, Bergen reflected, was the lovely bright cerise of the woolen shawl flung almost dashingly over her round shoulders. It was a brilliant cerise his pretty wife Alice would have refused to wear as "too difficult" after the long deliberation which always preceded her choice of a dress or color. Alice was wonderful—pretty, beautifully dressed, charming, and still a devoted, loving mother to her children. And, Bergen reflected further, she was good, charitable, a popular and active member of the Junior league. Bergen could know that his love for her was on the firm basis of his respect and admiration. She was good about the servants, too, and careful to see that their living conditions were healthy.

Cousin Sara stopped poking the fire, and went puttering around the room to find the small hearth-brush the children had taken away.

"Well, old thing, can I help you?" Bergen liked to see Cousin Sara's shy, flushed pleasure, her invariable response to his comradely banter.

"No, I have found it. Thank you!" She returned to her chair and settled again into the same dark, grotesque attitude.

"Cheer up, Bozo, you will get some excitement when you see the blood-curdling *Phantom of the Opera* tonight with us. Gee, it was pathetic to see somebody lonely and broken up like Cousin Sara. Why she couldn't be a day over fifty, and she looked seventy.

"I am not going tonight. It will be blood-curdling if it is like the advertisements."

"You aren't going, why not? Why you'll love it. Cora will stay with the children, so what reason have you for high-hatting us like this?"

"Alice says that Cora can't stay tonight. Cora complains of having to stay late so often." Cousin Sara explained calmly in her sweet, shrill voice.

Bergen was annoyed. Why this was the third time that Cora had refused to stay later when it had been planned that he and Alice take Cousin Sara to the movies. Surely Alice could get Serena to stay, or perhaps Hannah. Bergen could hear Alice's quick, nervous step coming down the stairs to the living room. She opened the door sharply.

"Cousin Sara," Alice's voice was taut with irritation. "Did you light the gas heater again only part of the way across? The whole of upstairs is heavy with gas."

"Why—I am so sorry—I don't think that I did. I thought that I turned it off entirely."

"Alice, probably Cora did. Her strong point isn't her memory." "Cousin Sara has lighted it half-way repeatedly." Alice's voice was cold. "I wish that you wouldn't touch the heater. If you want it lighted ring for one of the servants." Couldn't Alice see that Cousin Sara was half blind. Alice must be tired, but she shouldn't hop on Cousin Sara so.

"I'll go right upstairs and fix it, Alice, but—by the way—can't Cora stay with the children tonight? She hasn't done it for weeks?"

"No, she can't." (What was the matter with Alice?) "I am perfectly willing to stay at home, while you and Cousin Sara go to the movies."

Bergen followed Alice out of the room and up the stairs. He turned off the heater and looked at Alice, who was staring out of the window.

"It is too bad that this happened again, but it has done no damage."

"It might have suffocated my child, who is sleeping in the next room."

"O, Alice, that is ridiculous."

"Ridiculous!" Alice's voice was very quiet. "It is your cousin who is ridiculous." Alice laughed with some genuine mirth. "O Bergen, she is so funny that when I look at her, it takes all my self-control not to laugh. When I walk down the street with her, I feel like an Italian with an exhibition monkey.' '

"Funny?" Bergen's voice was puzzled. "She is the most pathetic thing that I have ever seen. When I think of what she was at thirty—gay, happy, loved—and now at fifty an old broken woman—it is the saddest thing I have ever seen. Funny?" Why Alice was cruel!

"Have you been deliberately making Cousin Sara stay at home because you didn't want to feel like an Italian?" Bergen never remembered having spoken to Alice in that tone before. Why she was contemptible!

Alice smiled one of her charming smiles.

"O, Bergen, don't be stupid. Cora can't stay, but we can try Serena." Alice caught his hand and caressed it lightly as he walked past her to go down the stairs.

The bright cerise of Cousin Sara's shawl caught the light gaily as Bergen sat stiffly in his Morris chair.

"Serena will stay with the children, and we will go to the movies. Alice will be ready in a minute."

"That will be nice, a treat before I go back to Chester and work."

"Chester? What do you mean? I thought that you were going to stay with us for the winter."

"No, I can't concentrate here. The children you know—I love them, but I can't concentrate."

"O come, Bozo, you aren't going to leave us like this. You—you can't do very much painting with that eye not being so well lately. Give it a little rest. And don't you want us to be happy?"

"Yes, I want you to be happy. It doesn't take very much to make you happy."

Alice came into the room, looking very young in her favorite blue. She pulled up a stool to Cousin Sara's feet, and talked to her charmingly like a delightful and respectful child. As she spoke, she held Cousin Sara's thin, sensitive hand and rubbed it affectionately as some children will with a favorite. Slowly Bergen relaxed as he watched Cousin Sara's soft, pleased response to Alice's gaiety. He had been impatient with Alice upstairs. Poor kid, she must be tired, and she liked Cousin Sara a lot. You could tell. Alice was wonderful!

Louisa McCord Wilson,

THE SILVER COCOON

There was once a gentleman who was a pianist,—as a matter of fact there were differences of opinion on this point, some people being of the mind that he was no gentleman and others that he was no pianist, and of course nobody can be sure whether he was either or both, because standards vary. However, for purposes of clarity and convenience it is best to take for granted that he was both a pianist and a gentleman, although the combination is very rare.

Now it is said that an evil fairy presided at the birth of this gentleman pianist and contrived to cast a flaw in the mould of his career at a time when he was not yet either a gentleman or a pianist. The flaw in time became apparent, though only to a few people, and so it really did not matter very much. Still, it was there, and something was bound to happen because of it, according to the fairy. Only those who believed in fairies credited this gossip, of course, and the rest saw no reason why the gentleman should not be the greatest pianist of his day if he practiced hard enough.

He certainly practiced, from the day when his teacher lifted him up on to the piano stool and taught his small fingers to wobble across the keys. Wrong notes, right notes, two at a time, he plodded them all out with an intention and persistence which became more evident as his fingers grew stronger. The neighbors told each other that he was soon to be the world's greatest pianist, which was exactly what he thought himself.

It certainly sounded that way from the street when he was practicing on the fifth floor. Whether the ceiling really fell down in the apartment just below him or not is no affair of anyone's, and is probably more of that fairy story.

In the concert halls his audiences were wildly enthusiastic. It is true that a few people pretended to detect a flaw in his playing, something which they could not very well explain to anyone who had not already noticed it himself.

"Absurd," said the people who clapped loudest, "He plays magnificently," and they extorted another encore in which to cool their burning palms.

Successes heaped up around the gentleman in this fashion and the sound of his fame quite drowned out the few small voices of those who contested it.

"I can't understand," said each of the enthusiasts, "why anyone fails to acclaim this gentleman the greatest pianist in the world. Hasn't he an amazing technique and dexterity, a delicate gradation and variety of tone, and a splendid choice of program. His playing is perfect!"

"Yes, he has technique and dexterity," the critic would reply mournfully, "and he has assuredly a variety of tone, yes, a variety of tone which is quite amazing, startling, you might say, and his programs are well chosen,—But there is something about his playing—I can't just say what it is, but—"

"How ridiculous!" said the enthusiast. "You simply do not appreciate an artist of his calibre." And what could anyone reply to that?

It was at a concert given at the height of his fame that the prophecy of the fairy came true—at least those who believe in fairies say so, although others have a purely mechanical explanation for the strange event that took place. The rich fat ladies were all resplendent in evening dress beside their rich fat husbands in the near seats, and in the balcony the poor people sat and counted their change, for the tickets were inordinately expensive. And the people who professed to find fault with the pianist all came and sat in the back of the hall to find out what it was that was the matter. They said they preferred to sit near the back, and although everyone knows it is harder to hear from there, they insisted that they heard as well as they wanted. "There is no accounting for tastes," said the fat ladies to their husbands.

The concert started off with a dash and vigor which testified to conscientious practice. The gentleman played very brilliantly, and was loudly applauded. "How strong he is," said the fat ladies to their husbands.

In the back of the hall the critics conferred. "We don't know just what it is, but we think we shall find out in a minute," they whispered, and rattled their programs impatiently in the intermission.

There was a little boy sitting near the back of the hall near the row of critics, and in spite of his mother he persisted in wiggling all through the concert. When at least in exasperation she turned upon him during the second half of the program, she found him still wiggling in the midst of a most stupendous piece. "He plays too loud," the little boy complained in a whisper which carried back to the last row.

"He plays too loud!" said the critic on the end to the one next him.

"That's it! Now we're on the right track!" said the second critic excitedly, and passed on the discovery to the next man, who passed it on in turn, but by that time everybody had heard the little boy and was already discussing the matter behind programs.

"But why does he play so loud, mother?"the little boy asked, in a very audible whisper.

"Why does he play so loud?" the critics asked all along the back row. Then they meditated furiously, for they were on the verge of discovering the real flaw in the gentleman's playing.

There was an ominous twang of a string as the pianist struck a particularly penetrating chord. The little boy shivered out loud, but the critics were so busy meditating that they didn't notice a thing. There was another ominous twang. Then——

"I have it!" cried one of the critics, "He has no soul! That's why he plays so loud!"

But just then, the pianist struck the closing chord with a crash, and suddenly all the strings in the piano loosed themselves in revolt and rose through the air and twined about the gentleman pianist into as shiny and complete a cocoon as ever imprisoned a silkworm larva.

And the little boy danced up and down on his chair, and the critics did too, on theirs.

Eloise Crowell Smith, 1926.

RONDEAU

I wrote a song of love today,
It was all about you and me:
Of our incomparably gay
Love, so unbethrothed and free,
Of our own make-believe and play
Love, our walk and dance and tea
Love, as young and strong as we.
I wrote a song of love today,
Of circumstance's hard decree,
Of forgotten, gone-away
Love, slight and weak and wee
Love a love begun to fray.
I wrote a song of love today,
It was all about you and me.

Helen Kaufman, 1927.

WHO WILL PROMISE HIS LOVE A WONDER

Who will promise his love a wonder
When the spring of the year is dead?
Or who will tell in a future hour
Of a kiss today unsaid?

Ruth Elizabeth Campbell, 1927.

PAINT

I was standing on the corner acting like I was waiting for the bus, and I don't think I looked at him twice when he came down the street although I was giving them all the once over that day being very hard up. I certainly was surprised when he stepped up and spoke to me, for he didn't seem the kind somehow. And you could have knocked me over when he said he wanted to paint me. I didn't know what to say, not exactly getting his line or his style or anything. Then he said "what he wanted me for was my remarkable auburn hair." Well, I could get that, for the fellows certainly have raved about my hair. Anyway he told me his address, and the next day being Saturday I promised I'd go to his hangout at one, but I didn't know whether I'd go or not. Well, when Saturday came I thought I might as well and find out the dirt.

It certainly was some apartment, at the top of the place. When I saw the sort of joint I was getting into, I felt I'd sure struck it right for once. Nothing much happened that first time. I "sat" and talked less than I ever have before. He didn't try to shoot any line either, but kept giving me these funny looks as if he didn't really see me at all. It must have been to get a line for his picture, but sure made me feel more like a piece of furniture than anything else. Well, I kept losing an eye around the place to see if I could guess the size of the boy's bank roll and how he handled it. I knew it must be pretty big though the studio room didn't say much, and I didn't like the next one it was so darned unfriendly. I went into it in between times acting like I was friendly and being nice and all that. I can remember now how I wanted a cigarette, but thought I'd better play safe. You never can tell what kind of ideas these up-stage guys have in their heads, and my aim just then was to please. As for him I couldn't tell a thing, which seems funny now, but he didnt' give me a chance not saying hardly anything. But when he said he'd need me for a while and I'd have to come in the daytime, I thought I might as well gamble on it and give the milliners the go-by.

It makes me feel funny—embarrassed I guess it is—thinking of the next time I went. I said to myself, "Girlie, you've got to make that boy talk, and you've got to let him know you're there." So I wore my black

satin with the fringe, and stuck on a lot of orange lip-stick that the fellows try to kid me matches my hair, and a dose of perfume that certainly has its points. Well, he didn't register at all when I got there, though the perfume alone must have been enough to knock him cold. I had a hat on this time, and right after I took it off, he sort of hurried me down a little hall into what seemed like a bedroom—only it hadn't any bed in it.

"Please fix your hair the way it was before," he said. "I'm sorry but you'll have to keep it the same way all the time. And the other dress next time too."

"Well, you certainly do know how to order the dames around," I told him. He made me mad, shoving me down the hall, and giving me orders to fix my hair and what dress to wear and all. Instead of a snappy comeback, he said he was sorry, "he hadn't meant to be rude." You can imagine that made me feel funny, so when I went out I thought I'd better make things easy and friendly right off. He had on a kind of a night-gown effect over his suit, and was fooling with some paints over next the window. I went right over to him, and put my hand on his shoulder and said, "Say ,buddie, you aren't sore, are you? You and me have got to be good friends, you know, if we're going to see so darned much of each other."

He loked up sort of scared almost when I put my hand on his shoulder, and then he said, "We certainly will, my dear. And I've got to know you terribly well to be able to make all the niceness in you show as clearly as your hair."

Well, that knocked me again, and I couldn't imagine what sort of a bird I'd run into. That business about "knowing me terribly well" sounded kind of smooth, but I was stuck with his niceness line. And why the devil the grandpa trick, or was it just uptown for "cutie"?

This time I couldn't talk much either, and he was no good, seeming wrought up with getting me into the paint. I though I'd try the lamps on him, and see if the silent plan wouldn't work. Well, it didn't, and then I was sure I'd never met a fellow like he was before. When he looked up once, he didn't really catch my eye, but he must have gotten the way I was lamping him because he said, "That's good, that's what I want." I sure felt like a fool, trying to vamp a man and not having him register at all but taking it down in paint. That made me feel more like the furniture than ever, only in between times he was real nice. He sort of talked about his buddies, and how did I like the rooms, and how would I change them, and every so often he'd make a funny wise-crack. He didn't laugh or anything, but I could tell by the way he twisted his mouth that he meant it to be funny. I thought if that stuff was funny, what would he think of my funny line? I tried it on him, like a fool, and it went flat enough. I wasn't so dumb as not to see that he didn't get it any more than I got his, though he smiled and tried to act nice about it.

When I left that time I certainly felt up against it, and was sore at ever having dropped the millinery, though you can always bleed the pick-ups. I didn't know what to do—double charge of lip-stick and perfume, some new line to give him a jolt or what. It didn't seem as if there was much hope. I couldn't think what was the matter with me—I'd never missed with a hot line before, but he didn't give you a chance to get in any smooth work in talking. It sure made me feel sunk.

I think it was the next time I really began to get a line on him. He was sweet to me when I went in, and put my coat away, and acted as if we knew each other real well. So I began to feel a little more snappy, and told him about this smooth pick-up I saw staged in the subway coming up. Well, I saw something had gone and queered it again—inside he didn't like it or something,—because he stopped being friendly the way he was when I came in, and began to get some paints, and act like he was in a hurry. After we got started I didn't say anything more but took him in. He wasn't ritzy looking, or the kind you'd pick for a winner if you saw him in the subway, but darn it all there was something in his looks that sort of got me. He had the shiniest, curly brown hair—not shiny like Rudolph's patent-leather hair comb—but a clean looking sort of shine, and funny gray eyes—nice I mean. You couldn't even imagine them turning into red lamps. He sort of made me feel as if I'd like to kiss him because he was—well, sweet. Now can you tie that! I certainly was wondering what sort of an idea he had of me, so I asked him to let me see the picture, that seeming as good a way as any. He wouldn't let me, said it wasn't far enough along yet, and he wasn't ever going to anyway. I'd get a swelled head or something if I ever saw what I really looked like. Well, that seemed like it must be a big line. It seemed darned funny if he wouldn't even let me see my own picture. I felt like I should have stood up to him, but my nerve went back on me, I guess. I think that was the first time he gave me tea, and we had it in the other room—the dumb one—and he was real friendly. I sort of saw then that some of his wise-cracks were funny, not a howl of course, but they made you want to laugh anyway. Well, I'd have been blind if I hadn't seen this was my big chance to get him now that we were hitting if off so fine, and everything was so cute and friendly. Well right after I thought of that I felt all funny inside—sort of wanting to get him—My God, I certainly did want to, and the bank roll was out of the running now—and the funniest thing was it made me feel all sick to think of getting him. I wore through to the floor that night trying to figure this thing out, and what I saw, and nothing but, was I was in an awful mess. I sure was in love with him, he was so sweet and wouldn't ever try to go you one better, and you could tell by his eyes he hadn't ever treated anybody mean. I couldn't tell of course what sort of a line he had on me, but I bet he couldn't see me for dirt. That wasn't him either though. Maybe he could see me all right only it wasn't really me. It didn't seem as if he could know what I was like—inside and all—because he was so different, and didn't have anything like me in him. You could see by looking at him he didn't know a lot of dames like me. That was the darndest part of it, me never having known anybody like him before, and him coming along and making me feel all unfriendly with myself. Well, I could have kicked myself around the block for being such a fool as not to see right off he didn't know my style, me being so crazy as to try to vamp him,—So that was why I felt so sick at tea when I thought of getting him. Well, no—because it wasn't that I was just scared it wouldn't work. It seemed more like I was afraid it might work. Well, I thought I must be going crazy to be mad in love with a fellow, and then get scared for fear he'd fall for you. I couldn't seem to get it, and the more I thought about it—trying to get him, I mean—the sicker it made me feel. If he fell for me, it seemed like it couldn't be him any more.

After that I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to go anymore, and I guess you couldnt have bribed me to stay away. I'll never forget the next time I went—the time after I'd been thinking all this stuff. I was shaking all over I was so nervous for ages before it was time to go. I thought I wouldn't put on any war paint, I guess because I'd been thinking so hard about getting him and not getting him, and then I felt awful funny about the dose I gave him when I first went there. (He slipped up once, and said something about a dame who carried a box of rouge on her face every time she went out.) Well, it was the first time since I saw daylight that I'd given the good old paint the go-by, and I must have looked sort of dead because when I was leaving the hang-out Betty, that's my pal, said, "My God, kid, you can't go out in the street like that. You'll get rung in for being undressed." I told her where to get off, she not knowing any of my

reasons, or being able to get how I felt.

When I got there it seemed like I had to wait years after I rang the bell. I was shaking so I had to grab onto the wall. I felt all sunk, and sort of relieved when I thought, "Something has happened and he's out." Right off then I was scared to death for fear he was. I looked at the little spots on the wood in the door so hard I thought there'd be holes in it, and it seemed as if I read the cute card with George A. Perrin on it a hundred times. I thought how funny it was that it spelled "gap." Then I thought what if I took it—he'd never mind. But I didn't. All the time I was thinking, "He's in, he's out." He was in. He opened the door, and then I felt awful, and wished like the devil he was out. He said "Good Lord, child, what's the matter?" when he saw me, and put his arm around by shoulders, and sort of helped me into the big room, and made me lie on the couch. He thought I'd gone fluey—because I hadn't any paint on, I guess, but I certainly felt like flopping into the coffin.

"I'm all right," I told him. "It's just the heat in the subway, and those awful bums."

And I knew the next minute it was a darn fool thing to say, and going back on the old hang-out as well. He didn't seem to register, just said, "Poor child" again, and got me a cute little glass of brandy, that I didn't want for wonder, and kidded me about my cute new dress, and how he liked it and all that. Then he got me some tea, "so I'd inspire him into making the picture a masterpiece." Well, we sat there a few minutes, and he talked about the picture on the wall, called it a "mural." It was a woman with long, purple hair. I thought it was a scream at first, but when he gave me a line on it, it seemed real nice. Anyway I didn't mind it much as long as he was speeling. But when we went into the studio room, he looked at me sort of funny, and said, "I think you forgot to paint your part of the picture this time. You'd better fix it up here if you can." Well, I felt like a fool, and said yes, I could, and went and stuck some stuff on my face.

After that time things went bad. I don't know as I was ever more sunk, and I was kind of happy too. It was not being able to let myself go after him that got me. I'd always been—well, different, I guess—with him than with the others—dumb from the first. But after I came in that day acting like I was sick he was much nicer, didn't act busy when he wasn't, and seemed to like me real well. I could tell myself a thousand times, "Don't be a damn fool. Now you've got half a chance, go to it. Lord knows you want him, and this stalling act is the wrong dope." And if I did have half a chance—him falling for me! It made me feel sort of crazy—and the craziest part of it was it seemed as if I couldn't love him if he did. And after I'd gone on like that till I was fluey, I'd come to, and know that was all right—that a darn sweet guy like he was, with eyes like that couldn't ever fall for me.

It was always the same old thing all the time I went there, underneath still sort of hoping he would, and I knew I'd leap in front of the good old subway if he did. I lost my line too, and I couldn't seem to want to catch it, not just with him but with the down-town gang and the pick-ups. I didn't much care. Those fellows made me darn sick, you can bet, after him. I certainly was dumb with him. The line being gone I didn't want to talk much any more, and when he wasn't thinking too much about the painting, he'd talk along about all sorts of things he knew. It's funny but it—his talking, I mean—all seems like a color now I try to remember it—sort of mixed up with the blue "mural" woman. I don't know why. I've got one time though because I said it over and over in my head after him—it seemed so grand and sort of "him." Then I sat on the apartment stairs when I got out, and wrote it on the outside of my "Police Gazette." That day was near the end, I think, and I'd been working to get him to let me see the picture again—it seems as if I must have tried every time, but no soap, he always stalled me with the same old line. I kind of remember acting like I was hurt. I felt sort of mean, but I wanted to see that picture like the devil. He seemed to feel bad about it, said he never let people see their own. "I didn't know how sorry he was, but he really couldn't." After that he began talking the stuff I wrote down, trying to make me forget the picture business, I guess.

"What were we talking about?" (Get the "we.") "Italy, wasn't it? I've only been there once—three months one summer when it's hotter than New York, so maybe you can't imagine it. An old friend and I had a little shack affair on the edge of a round lake. He painted too, and was awfully funny. I have an idea you'd like him"—(He made me want to go over and kiss him, being so sweet to me like that.)—"We lived in a sort of golden daze all that summer by the round blue lake. Sometimes we decided we were only half alive, and sometimes we thought we were more so than we'd ever been. You know how you feel when you're all pepped up? Have you ever seen a fly caught inside a piece of amber? Well, that's how I felt—imprisoned in a coil of amber-colored days. We didn't talk much to each other when the sun spell was upon us—just worked—and at noon when it was closest slept like the fly. When we did talk it was as though we were far away—from the world and each other—like people under an enchantment. But at night when the blue began to rise like a mist from the lake, the enchantment fell away, and we woke up. Often as not we'd sit and talk under the stars, and duck every now and then for fear of being hit by one. And then often as not we would sit inside and have an open fire just for nonsense."

And then he'd sort of come to, and say Good Lord, how be'd been going on, and I mustn't let him do it again, but tell him when to lay off and all that. Well, I liked all the things he said, though sometimes they seemed a little off, but this stuff I wrote down kind of got me.

I think it was the next to last time he made the big break. I started talking about his pictures with an eye to getting around to the one of me. He got to talking about the ones he'd done, and he said there was a chance maybe of him having an exhibition. Well, I caught right on to the old bus, and asked him all about what an exhibition was, acting as if I was trying to make talk. He not thinking a thing gave me all the dope, so after that I didn't have to work any more to see the picture. I sure was glad not to have to. I didn't mind waiting either because I wasn't so darn crazy to see what it was like any more. I'd had sort of a hunch about it for a while back, and now, somehow, I felt sure about it. It seemed as if that stuff about me getting a swelled head and all might not be such a line like I thought. Well, I had this hunch he'd painted a perfectly grand picture of me, because I knew a fellow as sweet as him couldn't have any line on me. Well, I don't know, but I figured that him being so—well, understanding—and all, he'd think if I saw how wonderful he'd made me out in the picture maybe I'd feel funny about myself afterward—even though he couldn't tell how funny I would feel. I didn't care about that of course, the big idea being to get a line on what he had in his head about me.

After that I stopped going any more. I hate to think about that last time I went. I felt as if I ought to do something it being the last time and all. Then I began to feel sure he'd do it—something different. I don't know why, but it seemed like it just *couldn't* stop without his doing it. I couldn't, not being able to think of anything that wasn't dumb, and he didn't do a thing of course. I was a dumbbell to think he would, but I kept forgetting the last time wasn't any different to him than the rest. All the time I was there I felt as if my brain was a clock, and it kept going and going till I thought I'd scream or something if it didn't stop. And I knew I wasn't going to scream or do anything crazy. Good Lord, I'd held out all these weeks, and to ruin it now! Well, it certainly was dumb. He gave me the

rest of the cash he owed me, and kidded me about buying a new dress, it certainly was too bad me having to wear the same one all the time and all that. Then he said good-bye and he had enjoyed having me sit for him, and it would feel good to be "a real person again and not a canvas lady." And I said thank you, good-bye, and I'd enjoyed it too.

There's not much to say after that. I couldn't stick the gang much, the ones Betty went with and I used to. So I went back to the 14th Street millinery again, and they were darned glad to get me again. I didn't care much—two times I trailed up to 83d Street, but that seemed dumb so I didn't go any more. I wanted to see him, and then again I didn't so I let it go. It seemed like it didn't matter much as long as I was so sure about the picture. It didn't matter so long as I knew he was like he was and knowing a dame like me couldn't change him. But I took a high hat paper, and got to reading the art part so much I did it without thinking. Finally after three months about, I thought maybe it wasn't coming off. But I didn't mind much because I felt as if I knew anyway. Well, after about five months, I saw it one day, and it was funny, it didn't seem as if I needed to go now—I knew about the picture as good as if I'd done it myself.

Well, I went. I guess I was hoping he'd be hanging around, but I didn't let on to myself about it. It was rainy sort of, but I took the bus uptown, and sat on top, and let the wind get me—maybe because I knew it was the kind of thing he'd like—and felt sort of all right and happy inside the way I'd been feeling. It seemed nice not needing to see the picture and going to. Well, it was a tough job getting in the "gallery," but I did, and bought one of the little books, not wanting to lose out on anything. I walked down a long alley with pictures—his—and then I saw mine. It was bigger than the rest, and sort of stuck out. It was me all right. When I looked at it from this alley thing it seemed as if it looked the way I knew it would. And then when I got up closer, I felt sort of sick. It seemed like something crazy was coming out of the picture at me. I couldn't tell what was the matter. It seemed just like me, and yet—! Oh, my God, I felt awful, like some one had turned a knife around inside me. I felt like water, and sick as a dog. But I had to look at it. Talk about red lamps,—and my mouth, just the same only it looked as if it ate dirt. If it had looked different than me—only it didn't—and something inside, somewhere, I don't know, so filthy it made you want to kill it.

I sort of got out somehow. I couldn't go home so I took a bus to the park, and sat on a bench. Not having anything else to do, I went through the little book. I didn't know the number but a lot of difference that made. You can believe I worried a lot if I was right when I found "Street Woman" stuck in the list. I felt sort of fluey because I sat there, and the things he said was going through my head: "You have such remarkable auburn hair.—Yes, my dear, I want to know you terribly well so I can bring out all the niceness in you as clearly as your hair.—I can't let you see it. You'd get horribly vain and that would never do.—When the blue began to rise like a mist from the lake—often as not we'd sit and talk under the stars—And he was such a darn sweet guy you wouldn't try to get him!—Beat, hook, *and* sinker. Well, if that's way he thinks you are I guess you must be. He certainly seems to know."

Well, I saw a smooth looking pick-up coming down the path, and I felt sort of good. It certainly wasn't so bad being back on the old hunting grounds.

Marian L. Hopkins, 1927.

TEARS

The Pony Cart

Light laughter trilled from the direction of the barn, the gayest laughter. There was a jingle of harness. "Betsy, you must have your side in wrong again. I can't make mine meet at all." Peter's happy, matter-of-fact voice spoke out loud and well accentuated. "You are such a little nut, won't you ever learn to do it right?" He whistled forcedly and far off key. "We're all set, run up and get the empties and I'll meet you by the letterbox." He raised his voice even higher. "We'll have a great ride this morning all right with only two in the cart. I bet Midget runs. He certainly seemed frisky all right when we caught him. "Peter appeared jauntily erect in the pony cart flourishing a beribboned whip over the little horse. "Who put this old ribbon on here, anyway? What do I want with a lot of old ribbons on my whip? He frowned in disgust. "Hurry, Betsy, you won't half have those bottles up there by the time I am. I can't wait, you know, I have to get back to my carpentering. We've had enough trouble already," he added significantly. "Gosh Betsy, aren't some people foolishly tying ribbons on whips and things. Next she'll be trying to dock his tail. Giddyap, Rufus Lord Redfield!" Peter rocked off down the lane as Betsy started for the house. "Wait, Peter, wait," she cried, "I want to ride down the lane if Midget is going to run." "I'll meet you by the letterbox," he called, "you get the milk bottles."

A cloud gathered on Betsy's little face as she trotted off obediently with the "empties" to the letter box. The pony was somewhat subdued when Betsy met them. She climbed in and they ambled at a snail's pace along the road in back of the barn.

A voice called from the kitchen window. "Betsy, Peter, where is Nancy?"

"She isn't coming," Peter announced and sought to wheedle the pony into a trot.

"Why not?" the voice questioned lightly.

"She doesn't want to, I guess," Peter responded.

"Oh I think she does," the voice said positively. "Nancy darling, where are you? Peter and Betsy are waiting."

There was a convulsive heaving in the porch hammock. Sobs became audible, and a damp and exhausted voice said, "I'm here, mother, I don't want to go. I don't care," and then in heartbreaking self-denial, "I don't have to go."

The two sat quietly in the pony cart. Betsy patted her dress down and folded her hands. "I suppose we'll have to take her." The pony nibbled some branches and shook his head up and down tearing off the twigs.

"Midget is getting restless, Mother. I guess we better go," Peter spoke finally, "He seems to be getting sort of fractious."

The Gold Slipper

"Tip it upside down, Betsy, we can look at the others after—I have something hard in mine—Don't tell me what it is if you find out first, oh don't *tell* me, Betsy." Her voice rose to a wail as Betsy pulled from the toe of her stocknig a tiny gold slipper stuffed with a paddy pink plush instep, and unwittingly held it up to view. "You could have just as well not showed it to me. Now mine won't be any fun for me." Nancy slowly drew forth the mate to Betsy's, a blue cushion substituted for the pink. "Mine is scratched." Betsy was preoccupied. "Let's put them behind our backs just for the fun of it, and see which comes out for which," Nancy suggested. "Let's just for the fun of it," she coaxed.

"But I don't want yours," Betsy objected. "I don't want it even in fun. I am going to show my little pinkie to Katy."

The little girls parted and the stockings were soon forgotten in the larger excitement of the Christmas tree. The dress in Nancy's lady-doll's trunk didn't fit. "It was far too small for such a big arm," Nancy said, and she wept bitterly as she tried to force the big arm through the little sleeve. Her father laughed at her and put his arm about her. "Why, dolly," he said, you mustn't cry about that. Mother can fix it in a minute. Think how hard she had to work on all those little clothes."

After dinner Nancy carried her spoils to her room to better examine them. The little gold slipper was un-

deniably scratched. There were black marks. Its pink mate stood untarnished,, daintly arched by Betsy's toys. Nancy picked it up, viewed it glumly and compared it with her own. Betsy's, alas, was a better shoe. The tears welled up in her eyes, and suddenly she seized it furiously and bit it, dragging her teeth over the frosty surface and leaving shiny golden bands across the toe. She compared them again. There was no comparison.

Lingeringly she stowed away her toys in the bottom drawer, and rising, caught sight of herself in the glass. She played with her various emotions in the mirror for some time, then, "Merril," she called in an artificial voice. "This is May speaking. Where are you, my dear? I have just run in for a minute with the children"

A small voice echoed from below. "May, my dear, the children are down here licking the cake bowl, won't you bring yours along?"

"Betsy, wait for me if you're really going to lick it." Nancy sped down stairs.

That evening the wounded slipped was found. Betsy was about to put it under her pillow. Nancy had gone to sleep. A small white-robed figure hung over the bannisters. "Mother," Betsy cried. "Come and see what's happened to my slipper."

There was a long silence after Mother appeared. "Nancy, come here. "Nancy did not stir. "Nancy!" the voice was sharp.

"Yes, mother." Nancy was freshly awake.

"What do you think is the matter with Betsy's slipper?" The little girl was non-plussed. Her mother continued. "I want you to sit down and think over what happened to that slipper and then I want you to tell me about it. "Nancy sat her small self down."

"I didn't do it, mother," she said promptly. "I don't know what's the matter with it." Her mother remained silent. "I didn't do it, I didn't do it," she wailed.

"Think, Nancy," her mother said

"But how could I do it, mother?" Nancy asked imploringly.

"I don't know, my darling, I am sure I don't know."

Nancy wept and thought. She thought for a long, long time. Her mother sat quite still. The minutes dragged by. The sleepy clock struck the half hour in a longn lazy note. Her mother rocked suddenly and quietly.

"I think I must have done it." Nancy spoke in a pin-point voice. "I did it, I guess."

Her mother looked at her, a long despairing gaze. "What did you do it with, Nancy?"

"With a key, mother," she pointed to the door. "I did it with that key over there."

The Rosebud Guimp

"I think I should like to wear this one, mother." Nancy spoke in a brightly explanatory manner as if she hadn't been standing there and saying it ever since her mother first started to brush her hair. "I want to wear this one because I hate the other one so. It is too plain to wear to New York." The late afternoon sun filtered through the yellow curtain putting a golden shine on the thick brown coils of her mother's hair. She twisted them silently into fat, gleaming rolls and stabbed them with stubby bone pins. Nancy planted her back to her mother. "Will you button me up, please, mother darling," she said softly. Her mother surveyed her small daughter's trustful back still in the rosebud guimp, her curls parted meekly over her shoulders.

"Why Naney, I can't understand you," she said. "You heard what I said about that guimp."

Nancy wilted, "I don't think I can find the other one," she said plaintively, "I have looked and looked."

"Nancy," her mother said, "I don't want to have to be cross with you. You must find that guimp and wear it if you want to go with me this afternoon."

The little girl did not move. Her pride was hurt, and as resentment filled her, her anger rose. She turned and stood there blazing furiously. Her mother continued winding the fat slow rings. "Mother," she screamed, "I hate you, I hate you. I hope you'll go into a forest and the wolves will eat you. I hate you more than anything." And then quite as suddenly as she said it she was sorry. She stood still, relaxed. She would tell her she didn't mean it at all. She didn't mean a word of it, and she'd hug her and tell her not to mind and wear the plain guimp. Her eyes softened, when, from the doorway, Betsy ran blindly to her mother, horrified, stunned at her sister's words. "Oh mother, mother, I don't, I love you. I won't let any-thing happen to you." She hugged her mother tight, kissing her again, and again, and Nancy, rigid little Tartar, turned stiffly and marched across the room, on, on, on, across the limitless, sunny room and through the door.

"OF A NEOPHYTE AND HOW THE BLACK ART WAS REVEALED UNTO HIM"—Beardsley

Three tapers flare in the foreground, the curved prongs of their feet swathed by the ends of the neophyte's robe. There is a glare in his eyes as of one beholding new and terrible visions, a look such as Arther Machen's Great God Pan might evoke. Emerging from the maze of curves and sharp points which sympolically enshrouds him, the revealer of the black art droops over the proselyte. The evil lines of his face and the curve of his eyes seem to exhale a poison, so that I too can see the figures he presumably conjures, figures unnamable, akin to those hinted at in the Dionysian mysteries. The darkness of the new knowledge has almost enveloped the background: where light and darkness meet stands a figure ominous in its sheathlike rigidity. Before him two fronds, possibly swords, curve point to point. The aloof figure is perhaps the angel of darkness ready to bar the way should the faltering novice attempt to untread the path of too great knowledge.

SONNET

When I became divested of the brightness
Of earth's fair shadows strewn across my mind,
The laughing cadence and the latticed lightness
Of love's soliloquy, no longer blind
I then inert, yet willing, slowly plod
Along the dim rimmed pathway of the world,
Burning to lose my kinship with the sod,
To be a battered thing which space has hurled:
And crouched upon that close and hated height,
Hearing afar the mocking, tarnished mirth,
I loathe my body's weight, its little might,
And view distraught the emptiness of earth:
But at a vision of the lack in me,
Blinded, I throw myself upon the lea.

THE BALLAD OF B AND D

"O mother dear," said Jack one day,
"I wish that I could see
How I can learn the difference
Between a **b** and **d.**"

"Then I shall tell you, son," she said,
"For it is clear to me
That **b** turns out and **d** turns in,
Most agreeably."

"Yes, but I suppose that **d** should turn
Around to look at **b,**
Then what would be the difference
Between a **b** and **d**?"

"But there are other ways, my son,
The difference to see—
Let **b** stand for the bright, young boy,
And for the dunce a **d.**"

"But though," said Jack, "he has begun
A bright, young, boy to be,
He may be a dunce before he's done,
And be both **b** and **d.**"

"Let **b** mean breakfast, then, my son,
And **d** a dinner be;
First breakfast comes, then dinner next,
Just as do **b** and **d.**"

"O thank you, mother dear," he said,
"For now I clearly see
How I can tell the difference
Between a **b** and **d.**"

Next morning Jack refused to taste
His cereal and tea.
"I shall not eat my **b,**" he cried,
"I much prefer my **d**!"

EDITORIAL

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
ELEANOR MOAK, 1927

ASSISTANT EDITORS
MARIAN HOPKINS 1927
ELSBETH THEXTON 1928

EDITORIAL

The editorial board of the *Literary Supplement* wishes to express its appreciation of the interest shown in the recent competition, and to thank those who contributed material to this last issue. We are sorry to announce that because so few of the Freshman class entered the competition, we find ourselves unable to take on a member from that class at the present time. In view of this fact, we shall hold a special competition in the fall before the first issue of the *Supplement* appears, for the class of 1929 and possibly for the incoming Freshman class. We are pleased to announce the following new members of our board: Virginia Pendleton, 1927, Helen Kaufmann, 1927, Margaret Kidde, 1927, and Jeanette Bailey, 1928.

We wish to express our deep appreciation to the Editors and Business Managers of the *Wellesley College News* for their support and marked interest. During this past year a most kind provision was made for expansion on the part of the *Supplement* by the parent *News* Board. If, because of this, the College at large has found the hoped for improvement in the effect and quality of the content, we are much gratified. But a further justification for our previous enlargement lies in the fact that the *News* Board is most kindly carrying us a step further, and the *Supplement* is to appear as an independent magazine in the coming year, although still, in actuality, dependent on the *News*. We are, therefore, particularly anxious that the College should make concrete response on a large scale to our perpetual appeal for contributions, as both justification of the literary side of the College and of the *Supplement*, and as an exprcssion of gratitude to thc News Board.

HERE AND THERE, CHICAGO

Down South Halstead Street in the direction of the stockyards squats the gypsy district, midway between "the yards" and the fashionablc northend section. Halstead Street, boasting to be Chicago's longest thoroughfare, allows plenty of leaway between its beginning, its middle, and its end, so that the Romany colony is neither degraded by the patronizing rich nor besmirched by the sordid, rapacious yard-dwellers. Instead they cultivate distinguishing vices all their own. Theirs is a sort of tribal unit sufficient unto itself, resenting foreign intruders, and desiring no interference on the part of such uplifting members of modern society as the social worker, the prohibition officer, and the Chicago police force. They seem obvious of the rest of the city in their clannish devotion to their "nation."

Where West Madison Street crosses Halstead Street is the very capital, the heart of Gypsydom. Both streets are wide and exceedingly dirty. Up and down them rumbles a tireless procession of old green street cars, reeking and stinking, the Madison Street ones of garlick, Italians, and plenty of liquor, the Halstead Street ones of the stockyards, negroes, and vile tobacco. All night long the cars are loaded with people, the six hour "shifts" at the yards or the box factories. And all night long and all day long the shiftless Gypsies idly watch the traffic from their doorsteps. *When* they earn their living nobody guesses save perhaps the police department. They loiter on the curb, they idle in their shops, pairs of Gypsy women flaunt their gaudy skirts about the sidewalks. From out every other doorway stretches a cadaverous wooden palm surrounded by signboards in six or seven languages, lest she who plies the trade may lose a customer of the motley crew that wanders the length of Halstead Street. A paying business, no doubt! One seldom fails to see an irate shirt salesman or befuddled drover from the yards searching vainly for watch or wallet on leaving a gayly decked Gypsy tenement. And poor beguiled fools! there is no redress possible, for the officers of the law seem only too willing to let well enough alone these swarthy prophetesses. This is a district of high mortality among "the Bulls."

When the Gypsies hold a fete, then it is that all the streets turn a giddy mass of color. Out from windows float paper streamers of every hue. The already glittering junk shops parade their tinsel and bunting in even wilder array. Zigzagging across the street form lamp-post to telephone pole go yards of cheesecloth of all the shades of Jacob's jacket. The sidewalks are covered with confetti. Accordion players vie with fiddlers. Everybody is on the street, from old hag grandmothers to squawking button-faced babies. Much shouting and singing and wild conversation goes on, even the babies are not missed in the wild confusion when they stray away. The tribe is notoriously polygamous so no one cares!

The day of the coronation of the Gypsy king was the biggest event Halstead Street had witnessed in many a year. Albert Pundricola claimed the throne of thc Romany Kingdom of North America, and thereupon was accorded great publicity. The Tribune and all the other avid Chicago journals acclaimed him king of the Gypsy world. His picture, and his wife's picture, and another Gypsy woman's picture to which were attached half the queen's names for lack of more specific identity, "spotted" the front page of every newspaper in the city. But these attentions were mere, faint, far-off ripples of the commotion set up at Madison and Halstead Streets. All the holiday banners were flung out. Throngs of Gypsies waded ankle deep in paper and confetti on the sidewalk. The ancient green streetcars, loaded with stockyards hands, plowed their way slowly through the crowds only by dint of endless clanging of gongs. Gypsies from all over the country were there for the celebration. In front of a ramshackle wooden tenement be-spangled with yellow bunting was gathered the largest crowd, for this was the house of the late ruler, which would soon be the residence of the reigning king. After much yelling and milling on the part of the crowd, a blare of unmusical horns and slow beating tambourines announced the arrival of the prince. First came the musicians, down out of the dark hallway and into the small courtyard by the street. Then followed with faltering steps a dignified old chieftain, he must have been over ninety, carrying on a pillow a handsome gold crown set with rubies. The prince walked behind him, a young, enterprising, smart-looking fellow. A great roar rose from the crowd when he came into sight followed by his multitudinous family and retinue. He knelt to receive the crown, while his assembled subjects chanted a weird Hungarian sacred song to the rhythmic rattle of the tambourines. Then, with the crown still on his head, he stepped with a grandiloquent flourish into his own handsome touring car, and together with his favorite wife and several brothers drove away, whither nobody knew. The hoarse huzzahs of the crowd continued long after he had vanished from sight. There followed a great feast of horrible smelling food eaten right out on the street by all members of the family, and lasting on and on into the wild late hours of the night. A gay ceremony it was, yet in every aspect amazingly harsh.

* * * * *

South Michigan Avenue stretched out wide and empty. In either parkway a few scraggley catalpa trees struggled to wrest an existence from the surrounding dinginess, while here and there a mangey old elm clung tenaciously to life, gaunt memorials of a faded but glorious past. Here once the handsomest equipages of Chicago's society pranced with gleam-

ing harness and tailored livery under the perfect canopy of stately arching elms. Now the street was deserted and vacant-looking save for an occasional second-hand car parked by the curb.

On either side of the avenue as far as the eye could reach, stood rows of beautiful old brown-stone houses and rather forbidding gray granite mansions. There was an aristocracy about them still—a bit Mid-Victorian perhaps, but built with an elegance not to be effaced by a hastier, less noble generation. Their high iron gratings and frescoed fences seemed still trying to screen from the rude gaze of uninitiated strangers the dignified personality of the houses. Yet most of those old gates with their finely wrought fret-work stood carelessly ajar if not partly torn from their rusty hinges and drooping at a rakish angle. On the grassless lawns and in the street played negro babies and noisy small black boys. In the great plate-glass uncurtained windows lolled half-clad negroes of all ages and sexes, apparently hundreds of them, indolently indecent. In their bright lexicon can be no such word as '*modesty.*' Loose-jointed colored women sprauled on the stone front steps of many of the houses, calling to heedless children in the street. In one of the regal jardinieres in front of a fine old mansion wailed a tiny black boy, put in there doubtless as punishment by an older sister who was now playing in the back yard and turning him the deaf ear. Could this be the once on-ton section of fashionable Chicago, where but a few years ago proud ladies bowed to one another out of "Victorias" and smart carriages? Where haughty footmen awaited their mistress' calling visits with implacable serenity? Where dashing young blades drove cutters in the winter months behind Kentucky's fastest blue bloods? Where debutantes in "bonnets" vied with each other in the number of yards of material in their "leg-o'-mutton" sleeves? Where Chicago's greatest wealth and aristocracy were paraded with noble dignity? Vanished were the people, the times, and the manners, yet the houses stood as stately reminders of the splendor they outlived.

In the avenue swung a handsome, glistening limousine driven by a liveried chauffeur and occupied by a refined, proud-looking old lady. It stopped before a yellow stone church where the chauffeur handed the lady out reverently. Drawing her several black capes more tightly about her she stepped unhesitatingly up to the door with a grace that commanded respect. On the door was a placard reading: *Sold. To be torn down May 12. Property of Harrison-Booth Wrecking Co., 126 West Lake Street.*"

The old lady turned with a slight quiver at the corners of her mouth. Then half indignantly to the chauffeur, "The very church where Abner and I were married. . . ." As she sat back in the cushions of the car she muttered softly to herself:

"Fifty years, fifty years ago today. Why right there on that corner old Cyrus McCormick stood up in his carriage and threw a shoe into our coach as Abner and I drove off after the reception. That was a might fine team Abner had. How tall and handsome he did look as he swept me down the isle on his arm after the wedding."

As the limousine rolled slowly up the street a small brown urchin in the gutter screamed a jib, thumbed his nose, and threw a mud ball at the spotless, shining car. The old lady's chin set in disgust. She leaned forward with, "Drive faster, Austin, please."

* * * * *

On the northwest side of Chicago, north of Ravenswood, is the suburb that grew up practically over night. One day it was nothing but real estate chartings of new prairie subdivisions, the next morning it was honey-combed with cheap apartments. Miserable little affairs they are, mostly two stories high with now and then a three story edifice to relieve the skyline. On the ground floor of almost every third flat is a "delicatessen" shop where bootleg is sold, and where shop-girls get their three square meals a day along with those gadabout housekeepers who no longer think it becoming to their social position to scrub potatoes or string beans. While this one-on-top-of-the-other species of tenement may be called an apartment on North Michigan Boulevard, it is nothing more than a flat in West Ravenswood. They are a desultory, scattered aggregation of flats at that, not even arranged in rows with the precision of the ordinary contractor. Their Queen Anne fronts of red brick vainly pretend to deny Mary Ann rears of yellow brick and backyards filled with plaster, lath and weeds.

Just like the flats, the people lack the initiative and brains to do much more than ride in automobiles they haven't paid for, and wear clothes that don't fit their salaries. They sprang out of the nowhere into the quasi-respectable and will probably stay there the rest of their lives, as neither their intellect nor their ingenuity seem to increase with their families. None of the streets of West Ravenswood are paved, but the agents for the flats assure each new renter that the lines have been surveyed and the concrete is on order,—they are like that odius Latin future infinitive, always "to be about to be" paved. And the people there are so mushroom minded that they live on like so many automatons, forever in hopes, and never penetrating the hoax.

Yet there are a few progressive and wide-awake residents of West Ravenswood. Take for instance Clarence and Mable. Clarence has a good job in a radio accessories shop, earns forty dollars a week, and expects a raise any day, with perhaps a joint ownership in the store. Mable works by fits and starts (when the housework doesn't keep her too busy) as shipping clerk in the Sears-Roebuck Mail Order Department. She can get good pay when she stays on her job, but as soon as she pays for a new fur coat she quits and goes home to take care of the parrot and talk baby talk to the poodle. A *family?* No, she and Clarence want to *be* somebody in this world. Pretty soon they're going to move over to Wilson Avenue and live like "regular people." No, they can't be bothered. Mable has to spend too much time dressing and acting "like them swell high-hat surbaners what commutes every day on the L".

They are what you call the progressive, middle-class backbone of the American Nation.

Katherine Woodley Carmen, 1927.

WE MET

One day as I lay in the tall meadow grass
I lazily pulled up a blade,
And I wound it around till I'd knotted the ends;
Then I held high the thing that I'd made.
And I saw I had tied up a bit of blue sky,
When I had but foolishly played.

Helen Kaufmann, 1927.

A GIRL TO HER LOVER SWIMMING IN THE SEA

Drink not deep at the breast of night,
My lover sliding within soft arms;
Thin, gray saplings are writhing in fright,
Who know her maternal charms.

Bear not hard on that sleek, dark breast
She may awake in her lonely tomb,
And finding you heavy against her pressed
Take you again to her womb.

P. H. S.

NOTICE

The *Supplement* wishes to announce that it is holding for future use several contributions which could not be included for reasons of space in the present issue. If for any reason, these articles submitted are needed before the fall issue comes out they can be obtained at 26 Wilder. Other manuscripts submitted to the competition will be found in the *Supplement* box.

The *Supplement* wishes to extend thanks to the following publishers for book-notes and review copies received. Century Company, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Henry Holt and Company, Little Brown and Company, and the Macmillan Company.

BOOK REVIEWS

Gandle Follows His Nose. Heywood Broun. Boni and Liveright, 1926.

Gandle Follows His Nose is obviously the work of a critic. It is a combination of the nicest manners of those of Mr. Broun's contemporaries whom he likes. The imitation, though careful and appreciative, does not surpass the models; and, since the originals are still extant, Mr. Broun's book is not important.

It is the story of a young man who learns all he knows solely through his own experience. Mr. Broun establishes this independence in his opening sentence, "In the beginning Gandle was Alone." And the subsequent mention of an utterly untaught childhood further fixes the unreality. At eighteen, Gandle goes to a magician, Baoz, and secs his two possible fortunes: one, the road to safety and fortune, the other, the way to danger and misfortune. Baoz advises the first, and Gandle chooses the second. On this road Gandle meets strife, dreams, desires, loneliness, love, death. He learns that he did not know the nature of his wishes; that dreams give us whims and reality, desires; that until he knows reality he cannot love.

Mr. Broun was wise to state Gandle's aloneness merely as an attribute of his "beginning," for as he grows he is also Jurgen and Felix Kennaston. Cabell is the most borrowed. Mr. Broun has caught his sound, its climactic futility, in such phrases. "And he was still brooding when Gandle climbed down the cliff and back into the valley of Sabala." After Cabell, Mr. Broun is a relief, for he admits of but a single interpretation. But he so far misses Cabell's obscurity as to be tremendously obvious. He insists on his meaning.

There is one virtue, however, which Mr. Broun alone knows, restraint. His selection of incident and detail is measured. There is neither the opulence of the past nor the poverty of the present in his chapter or his paragraph or his sentence.

Helen Kaufmann, 1927.

Millin, Sarah G. *Mary Glenn.* New-York, Boni and Liveright, 1925.

God's Stepchildren was so vital, so wide in scope, so powerful in its treatment of a most difficult problem, that *Mary Glenn* is disappointing. True, there is the same problem of human adjustment to surroundings, the same fine characterization and delicate humor, but one feels that there is not the same driving purpose, that it is not necessarily a tale that Sarah Millin was burning to set down.

Mary Glenn was born of a poor family in a South African town. "She was, except in two vital respects, a little aristocrat: she had not been born an aristocrat—and she knew it." She had a natural desire for luxury and homage, but she had not the adaptability which would have saved her soul from hatred and social ambition. It was to be away from the despised town that she married where she did not love and even where there was no money. But fate brought her back to her South African home, back to the proud struggle for recognition, and it was only by intensive, primitive suffering that she was redeemed. The bringing of husband and wife together by mutual sorrow is a theme that has been treated more powerfully.

Not that Mary Glenn is not a well written book. On the contrary it is. By the clever device of recalling Mary Glenn's past and character in the mind of one of her friends, the author gives two personalities at once, though this reminiscing perhaps grows tiresome, especially as the reminiscer is speeding in a high-power car to answer Mary Glenn's mysterious call for aid. There are strong descriptive bits: "There was nothing gentle in that valley. The earth had heaved a sigh and the mountains had broken apart to reveal a world, blasted and beautiful: an uninhabited world, a prehuman, awful, and desolate world. On each side of the valley the mountains stood guard in their nakedness, and in front of them, stretching one behind the other, past sight, the hills rose in great uneven waves—as if giant hands were rocking the earth beneath." There is quick, sure portraiture—good, dependable, but inartistic Emma; proud, unfortunate Mary; strong, kind Brand.

It is a good book, certainly, but one cannot but wish that it had not followed that much better book, *God's Stepchildren.*

Katherine Eastman, 1928.

"The High Adventure"

Another of Jeffery Farnol's heroes has set out for London in search of his "high adventure," which comes more than half-way to meet him. Beginning with his meeting at an inn with a lady in distress, Jeremy Veryen is plunged into a series of exciting events which leave him scarcely time to breathe. Whatever may be the faults of Jeffery Farnol's books, lack of interest is not among them.

The tale is purely romantic, at times extremely dramatic, and takes the reader from fashionable life in St. James Square in the early days of the nineteenth century, to dismal shady taverns down by Wopping Wharf where almost anything may, and does, happen.

In the "Jolly Waterman" and its immediate surroundings we were delighted to meet again our old friend, "Jarsper Shrig," of "The Amateur Gentleman" and "The Loring Mystery." Clear-headed, ingenious, whimsical, and kindly whenever he can be so, the odd little Bow-Street Runner is certainly Mr. Farnol's most notable literary character and is almost worthy of a place beside some of Charles Dickens' people.

The hero is everything that a hero should be; and his friend Richard, the heroine's brother, whom he rescues from the evil influence of the villain, is also likable. Nevertheless we admit a partiality for the aforementioned villain. The Frenchman is so wicked that he is superlatively attractive; he is handsome, suave, a gentleman of fashion to the tips of his white fingers, quick with his tongue. and equally quick with sword or pistol. His smile is darkly sinister—need we say more?

Aside from the heroine, the other characters of "The High Adventure" are less important, but one of them constitutes the cause of our chief unfavorable comment on the book. This is Lord Julian Midmarsh, a melancholy fellow, who dies in picturesque and tragic circumstances. Apparently he exists for the sole purpose of demonstrating to Richard the bad end likely to come to youths who drink and gamble, and hence fall into the unscrupulous clutches of the money-lenders.

We have left the heroine until the last because we have several important things to say about her. It goes without saying that Olivia Revell is beautiful and wise. Her main fault is her large size. The author of "The High Adventure" is remarkably fond of dark-browed passionate goddesses. To us, these creatures are a little too violent and make us feel that they could wield a wicked rolling-pin. So, in this book, as in several others by Mr. Farnol, we prefer the heroine of the sub-plot, in this case Lucy Western, because we find her just as lovely and warm-hearted, and infinitely less strenuous.

On the whole, we heartily recommend "The High Adventure" to all who enjoy thrilling adventure, vivid description, and a gallant hero, as well as a heroine who is not one of the disagreeable people common in the modern realistic novel. Some of Jeffery Farnol's novels, notably "The Broad Highway" and "The Amateur Gentleman," come close to being literature. The tale in question does not rank quite as high, but it does contain in full measure, romance, love, and "high adventure."

Sylvia Santon, 1929.